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GERMANY.

The Haps and Mishaps of a Bicyclist.

A Storm at Sea and One Among the Mountains.

The Spectre Bridegroom—Ohio Travelers—Numerous Cities—Ems, and the "Pilgrims of the Rhine."

EMS, AUGUST 12th, 1886.

EDITOR NEWS-HERALD:—If the reader imagines that the "bicyclist" wheels over the country without a single mishap or accident to mar his pleasure, he is slightly in error. At home after receiving an injury and damaging the machine, they were made trivial by the long rest that would be taken while both were being repaired; but situated as we were a party of five could not stop on account of a slight accident to one of its members. As the result of a fall one might receive a sprained wrist or ankle or a broken arm, might bend the pedals, handles, or frame of his machine, or turn the large wheel into a figure of eight. A pebble caught up by the wheel or a stick thrown by a mischievous child might lock the wheel and send the rider flying through the air in a manner that would excite both the respect of a circus audience and the envy of the "star" performer. The rough streets and the innumerable railroad crossings were our only sources of annoyance, and after venturing on to either of these and finding it unusually rough, one who could not dismount gracefully, was compelled to in some other way. Our Munich friends seemed to be most unfortunate or I will say rather, least skillful. For it depends on skill and this is acquired only with practice. I have seen the near-sighted Germans try to ride over a carriage and horse, and when they perceived their mistake dismount as quietly and successfully as if they had premeditated such a proceeding. Our Göttingen friend had already met with his accident in the Harz Mountains, when with another young man he made a figure something like an hour glass out of his machine, while his companion tried to fashion a new instrument altogether. They hired a peasant with his cow and cart to carry them to Cassel, while they followed on foot. Those were the dark days that added charms to the bright ones.

Crossing the Nahe we would soon change the scenery by following a quick curve in the road, but we are anxious for a view of the city, ancient town from this side; and then perhaps it is the last time we shall ever see it. Just beyond us are two villages, one named from its chapel, St. Clemens, the other on the opposite side Assmannshausen; from the latter another road is being constructed to the Niederwald. Immediately above us with a rugged rocky precipice intervening, is the Castle of Rheinstein, rebuilt by Prince Frederick of Prussia for a summer residence. Across the river is the ruins of Ehrenfels (rock of honor), whose fair daughter chose death with her lover, rather than life without him. If we can not see the "mouse-tower" we can at least see the island whereon it stands, celebrated by Southey's ballad, also the Niederwald, of which Bulwer in his "Pilgrims of the Rhine" over a life-time ago spoke as follows: "after threading the Niederwald they gained that small and fairy temple (where the Germania now stands) which hanging lightly over the mountain's brow, commands one of the noblest landscapes of earth." We pass in the next hour a dozen castles, each with its legend and in most of which the hero went to the wars; a false report of his death reaches his betrothed, and she retires to a convent and takes the irrevocable veil. He returns flushed with glory and hope, to find that the very fidelity of his affianced has placed an eternal barrier between them; and builds a castle overlooking the monastery and dwells there, happy in his power at least to gaze even to the last upon the walls holding the treasure he has lost.

We pass Lorch, where the Wisper empties into the Rhine, and arrive at Bacharach, whose splendid vines gave it the name. We have traveled so slowly that the shadows of the mountains are falling where before their grim visages were reflected from the water. Half way between Bacharach and Oberwesel is where Blucher crossed the Rhine January 1st, 1814; here is another castle—adorned island, the "Fels," and on the opposite bank the village of Omb, where ten years ago a sliding mountain destroyed a great many lives and a portion of the town. Oberwesel could very easily be taken for a suburb of an American city—with its clean, smooth streets and modern looking houses. The lowering clouds would induce us to stop here, did we not know that within a half hour's ride or less, we will find another village so very nearly like the last, with the same "Three Kings" or "Crown Prince" hotel, but with a slight change in the scenery and a castle by another name.

The Rhine is not a river of uniform width, on the contrary in numerous places it widens and has all the appearance of a lake, at other points the mountains are separated by a narrow pass

occupied by the river, and we are now approaching such a pass—the perpendicular precipices rise on either side and seem to meet in the gathering darkness above; but an occasional flash of lightning undoes us and with our lamps shows us the narrow road with the rising mountain on one side, and the water's edge on the other. We are threatened now with a realization of our hopes, a storm in the mountains, and under these circumstances we would be willing to suffer the inconveniences of even a smaller village than St. Goar, where we stop for the night. A storm at all times and under all circumstances has a peculiar fascination for even the timid; but a storm in the mountains, who has ever read the description of heard of it, or seen it in reality, that has not in the one case wished to see it, in the other to see it again? What can more indelibly impress upon one their insignificance and utter helplessness, than a storm in the mountains, unless it be a storm at sea. With the latter there is a vague uncertainty and indefiniteness that makes one only half realize the grandeur, and often by the time the small white-capped waves have changed to great horses with white manes, and these again given place to genuine heavy seas, the traveler is where Artemus Ward was on the second day out. (I think it was he that made the oft-quoted remark "the first day out I was afraid I would go down; the second day I was afraid I wouldn't.") But when neither sickness nor fear possesses one, the battle between wind and waves is awe-inspiring and strangely grand. The huge billows bear down on the vessel and break across the deck, completely drenching with its spray any who are reckless enough to brave it. From this trough the vessel is carried to the crest, where it is poised and the gigantic screw half out of and half in the water, creaks and groans angrily and shakes the ship from stem to stern with every turn. Then again it is almost buried in the water. But this night on the Rhine, the mountains, of earth and rocks instead of water, lend a more picturesque appearance to the flashes of lightning and a more startling effect to the echoes and re-echoes of the peals of thunder. And on terra firma we forget our immediate surroundings—whether we are standing in the garden regardless of the rain, or sitting at the window in darkness peopling the castles with robbers and the Rhine valley with fighting Romans. With every flash of lightning we can see on the mountain to our left the Rheinfels, on the mountain opposite a small castle called by the ancient occupants of the one on its right, the "Mouse," because of its small size and because the larger is called the "Cat" or "Cat-elbow" (Katzellenbogen). A name, we are told, given in compliment to a peerless dame of the family, celebrated for a fine arm.

At last we have found the castle if not of Baron Von Lauchdorf, of some one of his proud ancestors—that name can not be heard and soon forgotten. It is just the night to remember the legend of the Spectre Bridegroom, and in imagination be one of the wedding party who after all preparations are completed await the coming of Count Von Altenburg, to whom the Baron's only daughter and heiress is to be married after a life-long engagement, and whom she had never seen. The Count while "tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way, in which a man travels toward matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him as certainly as a dinner at the end of his journey," encounters Herman von Starkenfau, a German of chivalry now returning from the army. They travel together, and in advance of the Count's retinue. In the Odenwald they are attacked by a band of robbers, and the Count receives a mortal wound. Before he dies he exacts the promise from his friend to explain at the castle the reason of his not keeping the appointment. Starkenfau, although in "simple and solitary style" is courteous, received and is supposed to be the real bridegroom, a delusion he has not the courage to dispel. At midnight he acts the part of a spectre in his knowledge of the misfortune to the Count, and leaves with the explanation that he is to be buried that night at Wurtzburg. To bring a long and interesting story to a quick end he afterwards marries the Baron's daughter, with whom he fell in love the first time he saw her, and really has no more right to be called a "spectre bridegroom" than hundreds of others of the nineteenth century. Farther up on the same side is the "Lurlei" jutting far into the river; well known by the legend of the siren who by her song enticed the sailors and all who heard her to the breakers and their death.

The storm has gone nearly as quickly as it came, and the stars and moon are often visible through the dispersing clouds. We retire with the "Rheinfels" in our range of vision and shall be disappointed if no legend quaint and mystical haunts us in our dreams.

The next morning before going very far we overtake a young lady and gentleman, pedestrians Rhine-travelers. When we stop to admire the "Two Brothers" (two castles) they in turn overtake us, and on hearing our American voices speaking English they accost us. It does not require much time to exchange short personal sketches in gratification of the American inquisitive-

ness, which under such circumstances is certainly excusable. They are brother and sister, the one studying medicine at Berlin, the other French at some academy in Switzerland. We learned when they came, the line of steamers, aye, the name of the vessel, and yes, as we expected, they were sea-sick. She is going home this fall, and he is going to Heidelberg. They left Mayence the same day we left Heidelberg, and they are going to Coblenz and perhaps to Ems. I have almost forgotten to say that they are from Ohio.

We are reminded now, as we have often been, and shall often be again of Longfellow's "Hyperion," and "The Golden Legend,"—so called because it "surpasses all other legends in beauty and significance, and exhibits amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death,"—and Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." So many are the trails of romance in prose and poetry, and so noble the characters, that we would as soon think of starting down the Rhine without a map, as without having read and studied them. We pass Sinzig and Boppard, the latter distinguished by its beautiful location and many villas, is noted as a favorite summer resort. Then Ober and Nieder-Spel, two small villages that left their impressions on our minds and olfactory. As we approach them we perceive high stone arches that have been struggling for centuries between Pride and Time, but the latter is winning the palm. Through these gates we might enter the court of a castle, with walks, and fountains, and trees shading statuary, and vines hiding trysting places of lovers, but instead we find a Dilsberg, only it is in the valley not on top of a hill. I shall always believe that some mighty hand lifted up two Italian villages and put them down here as warnings against idleness. I would go miles to avoid them another time. On the opposite side is Braubach, nestled at the foot of a mountain, on the top of which is the Marxburg, a castle used as a prison in the times of the Nassau government. Oberlahnstein, with the Castle Lehnack, the latter the property of an Englishman, lies on one side, and Niederlahnstein on the other side of the Lahn river as it empties its waters into the Rhine. Exactly opposite the mouth of the Lahn is Capellen, and high over it like an eagle, watchful or revengeful, stands the Stolzenfels, a many towered castle, the property of the German emperor. It was built in 1250, and was a residence of the Archbishops in the Middle Ages. In 1688 it was destroyed by the French, and from 1802 to 1823 belonged to Coblenz. In the latter year it was presented to William I, Emperor of Germany, then Crown Prince.

We reach Coblenz at ten o'clock, and after a consultation conclude to dine in Ems, Europe's "Hot Springs." It seems rather a water-cure for "ennui" than for "pulmonary disease," and resembles Long Branch, or Atlantic City of New Jersey, more than the Hot Springs of Arkansas. It is on the Lahn river, nine miles from the Rhine, and the scenery along the route as well as around the city, is not less rugged or romantic than the Rhine scenery—indeed it is a part of it. There are numerous locks in the river to facilitate the transportation of products of the lead and silver mines, which abound in this district. The four towers of the bath-house and the pleasure grounds are the first objects that attract our attention as the last mountain is rounded and discloses the town, hemmed in by wooded and vine-clad slopes and rocky heights. It claims a population of 7,000, and from 12,000 to 15,000 patients annually, besides 5,000 tourists. The principal street is composed of lodging houses on the right bank; on the left is a new quarter with numerous handsome villas. The river is spanned by four bridges. The Curusal, the Curhaus, and the Curgarten, adjoining them, form the centers of attraction. The former contains the most frequented springs and about sixty baths. Two millions bottles of water—the principal ingredients of which are bi-carbonate of soda and chloride of sodium, are exported annually. The Curusal, erected fifty years ago, is in the Curgarten, and contains several magnificent saloons, a reading room, a restaurant and a cafe. The Neue Badhaus (new bath-house) on the left bank, was built in 1853. Each of its courts is embellished with fountains of mineral water worked by steam. The waters of the baths here is the warmest (135-138°) of all the waters of Ems.

We have changed our minds, Ems is the resort of those suffering from bodily ailments not mental inertia. On all sides at every turn, in the frequented and retired places, we see the finger marks of the cruel hand of disease, so deeply impressed that neither nature nor art can ever eradicate them. And in perhaps half the number the affliction is not a retribution exacted by nature of all who break her laws, but is inherited, and whether hastened by carelessness or by poverty, has brought the subject to the verge of the grave. Surrounded by those who bear the mark unmistakably, the emaciated form, the hectic flush on either cheek, the scarlet lips and a face otherwise pale, the long silken hair and delicate features that are almost characteristic, and lastly the beautifully bright and sparkling eye;

and the attributes of the mind are almost as distinctive: instead of the crossness and peevishness and selfishness and fault-finding usually and I believe naturally, the result of chronic diseases, they are ever hopeful, for the most part cheerful, generous and forgiving,—surrounded by numbers with all the features of this sorrowful picture we intuitively recall the journey of the "Pilgrims of the Rhine." Whoever can follow Gertrude Vane from the heights of Bruges to her grave at Heidelberg and not take a lesson, has had no experience with the sick or the dying. How often novelists take advantage of this beauty of character in the death of their heroine, every reader will affirm; and while their memory is carrying them again through scenes in romance maybe, in actual life we turn to life's sterner duties—our dinner and our journey back to Coblenz.

Very truly yours,
J. G. HIRONS.

Habitual coarseness is the direct result of habitual neglect. Keep the bowels regular by the use of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills. Price 25 cents.

Give Day's Horse Powder to your cows. It will improve the animals and increase the flow of milk.

Do not stupefy your baby with opium mixtures, but use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It is safe.

It's all that's nice, Drexler's Bell Cologne. 50 cents.

Failure of the Third Party.

The election in Maine settles the future of the third party. It is not to be a serious factor in American politics. It has no future before it. Prohibition has a great future, thank God! but not the prohibition party. The prohibitionists are never weary of comparing their party of "moral ideas" with the early anti-slavery party, under its name of the liberty party and the free-soil party, which were the ancestors of the Republican party. But the anti-slavery party showed a very different growth from this prohibition party. In Maine the anti-slavery third party had 194 votes in 1840, 4,836 in 1844 and 12,096 in 1848, and 67,379 in 1856, being a majority of about 25,000. * * * The prohibition party nowhere shows an evidence of taking hold, as did the earlier third party, of the conscience of the people.

If we may then say that the prohibition party is a substantial failure, the question must next be answered: Why is this so? Will not the people respond to an appeal for prohibition? Certainly they will, and it is chiefly because they wish to fight the saloon by prohibition and in every other way that they refuse to accept the prohibition party. They have common sense, and they see that prohibition has hitherto gained glorious victories by moral agitation, and that the political methods of the third party actually endanger prohibition.

We believe that it will be found very difficult to get up a really vital party for temperance or honesty or chastity, because such duties will appeal to honest men in all parties. We believe it will be more than difficult—it will be impossible—to put any vitality into the so-called prohibition party, not because men love their old parties so much, but because the policy of the leaders is unintelligible, and is hostile to the cause it purports to serve.—New York Independent.

Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headaches, you are dizzy, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whiskey, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of liver and kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at Seybert & Co.'s drug store.

Tough on Georgetown.

It is rumored that Secretary Bayard has decided, before sending another envoy to Mexico, to let him go to Georgetown, O., for a week, and be entertained by the boys. If the envoy keeps sober, he can be sent to Mexico with impunity. The better way would be for Bayard to select his envoy from among the Georgetown boys. There are no greasers this side of hades that could get an envoy from Georgetown drunk. If desired, we presume the Brown county Democrat would furnish Bayard a directory of the village of Georgetown, and he can shut his eyes and pick out a man any day who will make the Mexicans think they don't know the first rudiments.—Blanchester Star.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or haemorrhoids, if used as directed. It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY Seybert & Co. sept67y1

Poor Garland!

At Lake Nyassa, Africa, a man can be bought for forty yards of white cotton cloth. This is certainly very reasonable; in this country it sometimes takes several thousand dollars and a lot of telephone stock to buy a man, and then he may go back on you just before Congress adjourns.—Ex.

Why Is It

That the sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla continues at such a rapidly increasing rate? It is—1st. Because of the positive curative value of Hood's Sarsaparilla itself. 2nd. Because of the conclusive evidence of remarkable cures effected by it, unaccompanied by any other medicine. Send to G. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for book containing many statements of cures. 3p

TRAMP PRINTER

Home Again after a Five-Months' Bum.

Begins Where He Left Off and Writes of Northern Ohio Towns.

And Winds Up About Allen O. Myers and Columbus.

When I wrote my last from up in northern Ohio, I didn't expect so soon again to be wearing my remaining soles off on the jagged ruins the industrious stone-pile has been the cause of scattering in picturesque and timely spots over the streets of the antiquated town of Hillsboro. But here I am again, about my only stock in trade being a severe cold and a barrelful of impressions, good, bad and indifferent—mostly bad. Hillsboro seems to grow prettier every time I am away for any length of time, but I have never mentioned it before, for fear some of the residents might become alarmed and cut down their trees, order a halt in improvements, or do something else desperate. And as I ease my graceful proportions into one of the News-Herald's downy chairs, upholstered with yellow paint, varnish to match, and gaze across the way at Horton, Jr., selling a rural gentleman some fish, I again realize how easily human calculation may flip up, and that I am not in Australia, but Hillsboro. My last letter was mailed from the large, live and enterprising little Buckeye city of

MANFIELD, which is the headquarters of the government of—let's see—Richland county, I believe, and the county is well-named. It looks rich and prosperous. Mansfield is a place of about ten thousand souls. I expect the hotel clerk would have told me twelve or fifteen thousand, but I didn't give him a chance. After the manner of the northern Ohio county seats, she possesses a beautiful public square, containing a pretty band-stand and a soldier's monument of admirably beautiful design. The thrift of the town is attributable to the numerous manufacturing industries. They make all sorts of things there from parlor organs up. Its newspapers are commendable sheets and the gentlemen connected with them—several of whom it was my good fortune to meet—are credits to Ohio journalism. I would have been able to have written eleven or nine columns about Mansfield, but for the fact that it rained almost without a breathing spell during the entire two days I spent there.

Tiffin, a pretty namesake of one of Ohio's early Governors, was the next place I visited. It is a very neat, indeed I may say, beautiful place, situated astride a pretty little rocky-channelled stream, the name of which, if I ever knew, I promptly forgot. The night I spent there was the same on which the Tiffin fire company, which won the prize at Cincinnati, returned in triumph to their native hearth, as it were. The town turned out in force with a brass band and numerous campaign torches to bid them welcome. I had seen nothing more deeply touching in a body and marched through a drenching rain to the depot to welcome home their victorious base-ball nine after they had mopped up the diamond with the Wooster's.

Tiffin has a beautiful court house and also a beautiful granite monument "to her loyal soldiers."

POSTORIA

looks more like a Kansas town than any place in Ohio. It is situated on a wide, level prairie, and, but for the numerous railroads touching it, would be a very quiet, country sort of a place. It is well-known as the home of ex-Governor Charles Foster, of calico fame, whose wealth, according to his own statement, amounts to about \$2,000,000. His name is yet on a business house (Foster, Drutt & Co.), though I guess he doesn't fool with a yard-stick any more himself.

It was a beautiful rainy Sunday morning when I boarded a C. H. V. & T. train to journey from Postoria to Columbus. I am not a bit bashful in saying that I am stuck on Columbus. It is a beautiful city, and the beautiful cities that I don't get stuck on are the ones I never see. I would have put in a great deal more time exploring the sights of Columbus, but I never saw it rain with so much evident pleasure as during my visit. While there, I met for the first time, that distinguished individual,

ALLEN O. MYERS.

If I was inclined to write of him politically, I doubt if I could find words to express the impressions I had formed of him from his writings and reputation; but to write of him personally, I must pronounce him one of the most pleasant of gentlemen, who impresses one with the belief that he possesses great decision and a most emphatic mind of his own. I met him at a recent Elk's Social (he being a member of that order) and I must add that I was never more disappointed in one's appearance than his. I had heard him described as a "red-headed, stub-nosed Irish graduate of the reform farm," and, though the last may be true for anything I know to the contrary, I am compelled to deny the allegation that he is red-headed, and he isn't particularly stub-nosed. And if he did graduate from the reform farm so much the more credit does he deserve that he

is now managing editor of one of the West's most enterprising papers with a salary of over half a hundred thousand dollars a year. Though thirty-two years of age and the doting parent of numerous promising Myeresses, he doesn't look to be over twenty-four or five. He is well proportioned—perhaps a trifle above medium height—with a quick, nervous way of speaking and gesturing with his hands and eye-brows; and, could he look dignified long enough, his smooth-shaven face might be taken by most anyone for the face of a priest. I am told that he will soon remove his family to Cincinnati, (they at present residing in Columbus) and make that place his home. He is one of the greatest exponents of the modern, sensational (and that's what folk's want) school of journalism now before the public, and he is before the public just about as much as any journalist, not even excepting Deacon Smith, Halstead, Dittney or McNicol.

COLUMBUS

is growing. One doesn't have to stay away more than a half a year in order to notice how rapidly fine, new business blocks and pretty residences are going up on the vacant lots. There are few prettier business streets in America for its length than High street. It has recently been re-paved with stone, and the business houses fronting on that thoroughfare are mostly large, and all are evidently prosperous. The stone-work of the new court-house of Franklin county has gone up and a big statue of blindfolded justice with her cheese-knife and scales rests in triumph upon the main tower. The building fronts on South High street, and when finished will be a credit to the county and to the city. And, having seen probably more than half of the State Houses of the Union, I cling to the opinion that there isn't any of them as near what a State House should be as the one at Columbus. I have seen lots of costly gilt and gingerbread fixin's, but they lack the grandeur of the Egyptian columns and massive stone portals of the Ohio State House, and the golden dome of the Illinois and Iowa State Houses are not nearly so beautiful to me as the solid proportions of the gray stone tower from which floats the flag of Ohio's gubernatorial headquarters. But, of course, that is "merely a matter of taste."

It doesn't require a particularly observant person to notice that Columbus is becoming extremely Cincinnatiified. The saloons do a thriving trade on Sunday, the back-door being an unneeded waste of workmanship. It is rumored among the boys that bucking the tiger may be indulged in by anyone who likes that exciting, but unprofitable sport. Concert gardens, like unto those world-famed establishments of Schuman's and Kissell's, over the Rhine, Cincinnati, are patronized as in the ex-Porkopolis. Hesse-naur's and Schneider's do a business, that, from a financial point of view, must be very gratifying to their management. On Sunday nights it is difficult to find seats in either of those places. This may be owing to the increase of the German element in the population, or to the more liberal way people are taking to look at a great many things.

Among the ex-Hillsborans in Columbus I met the three brothers McClure. Will is still with Watson & Burr, barristers; Rob is with Reed, Jones & Co., wholesale boot and shoe dealers, but soon leaves to take charge of a branch house in Kansas City, and Charley is doing well as book-keeper in the office of an extensive lumber-dealing firm, the name of which has slipped my memory; Abe Cook, Jr., is following the dental profession; Ed. F. Higgins is still a partner of Attorney McCaffrey; Preston Mann, formerly of the old News force, in the days when I deviled is now at a case in the Dispatch office—and for the benefit of Hillsboro's giddy young girls I append the information that he is married. Mr. and Mrs. Cale Tucker and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Thornburg were among the old acquaintances pleasantly renewed. Bert is in the employ of the Columbus Steam Laundry.

I left Columbus early last Wednesday morning in order to get out of town before the side issues of the earthquake could shake the State House down on me, and when I tell you that I had to wait six hours at Blanchester for the cannon ball train for Hillsboro, you will not wonder that I have become, a surly, vicious, cynical misanthrope, disgusted with myself, the railroad system of America and the world in general, and that I will never smile again.

TrampPrinter

The dank and decaying vegetation of regions newly cleared of timber, exposed to the rays of the sun, is sure to breed malaria. Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever Cure, by mild and gentle action will radically cure. 50 cents a bottle. For sale by Seybert & Co.

Mr. Blaine has been asked to take the stump in Tennessee.

Takes one of Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills at night before you go to bed, and you will be surprised how buoyant and vigorous you will feel the next day. Only 25 cents a box. For sale by Seybert & Co.

Jay Gould thinks this country will have two years of plenty.

To cure rheumatism or other pain, take a piece of thick flannel, saturate it well with Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcano Oil Liniment, bind it round the limb, or wherever the pain is, and place over it a hot iron, or hold it to the fire, so as to apply as much heat as possible. For sale by Seybert & Co.

Uncle Sam the Titan of all Corporations.

He stands alone in peerless majesty, above the reach of law. No corporation, nor even his own sons, can sue him. If it were not for his wayward sons, we might truly apply to him, what England applies to her sovereigns, viz: "that they can do no wrong." But as wayward children often govern their parents, so Uncle Sam is entirely at the mercy of his. Among so many, and so many varied interests represented, counsellors have been brought out and developed, surpassing, if it were possible, to Hushia or Ahithophel. Among some of the elder ones long prominent, is one styling himself "Demos," and claiming to have always been the friend of the dear poor man. He is a specious reasoner, and the only way to arrive at a correct idea of his true friendship for the poor, is to examine his influence over Uncle Sam.

In 1827 it was proposed by one of the sons, to cut a road through the Alleghany Mountains, to enable the poor of the over-crowded East to move out on the rich plains of the West, but Demos almost went into spasms over so unconstitutional a proposition. He loved the poor, but Uncle Sam had no right to improve the farm, or their condition in that way. Another blessing he always contended for the poor man, was hard money. The laborer might mail rails hard all day for twenty-five cents, so he got it in hard cash he should be satisfied. Some of the other boys thought a system of banks might be established by which exchange might be kept up and a safe currency established among all the children. But one Hickory took it into his head to dry that all up by not only vetoing the charter of the bank, but removing the U. S. deposits out of the great bank. Which act had such an effect on one Crockett, that when in a crowd in Philadelphia, his pocket was picked, he remarked that some one had removed his deposit, and as that had become their custom, he knew it must have been a son of Demos.

The great counsellors held that the only safe medium was hard cash, no odds if the poor trader had to lug it in his saddlebags a thousand miles over the rock-ribbed mountains. Some States begged and got charters to start banks, but they were irresponsible and many times almost out-lawed by this boy Demos, often entailing heavy loss on their patrons. But Demos was always watching out for the poor. If some of the ambitious sons proposed to open up or improve the navigation of a river, to facilitate commerce or travel between different parts of the country, he never believed in wasting money that way; it would not help the poor.

But his crowning act in his unceasing labor for the poor, culminated in 1848. Up till that time all the boys who helped to run the farm, deplored the practice of buying and selling the poor, but none seemed to know how to get out of the trade, (a large stock on hand and still increasing); until a new revelation dawned on Demos. Whether like Joseph Smith, of Mormon fame, we can not say. But at any rate the vision came, and that which had been looked upon as an evil, was now a divinely sanctioned institution. And like Pharaoh of old, all the power of Egypt must be exerted to extend and perpetuate this brick-making business.

It mattered not that the boys had made a solemn covenant that no brick without straw should be made north of 36° 30'. Regarding for the poor made Demos violate that covenant to extend his brick yard. The simple poor, who had always had plenty of straw, could not see the justice in their sons going out to toil against human chatties that could be bought, soul and body, for five hundred dollars. But Pharaoh's heart only grew the harder. In his indignant wrath he vowed that his part of the old farm should be run, if it broke Uncle Sam up. But an indignant protest went up from the boys, and as there was no softening of that hard heart, his ancient prototype, he sank in a deeper and redder sea than engulfed those who pursued ancient Israel.

But then it was all for the poor man. It was unconstitutional to dig down the mountain that the poor man might enjoy God's rich heritage, but all right to break a solemn covenant to extend the area over which to barter in human flesh. But why drag up these dead issues? Why have the hardhood to claim we have always been the friend of the poor man? Something fresh will be in order next.

Burrus.

FORREST HOME, October 1st, 1886.

Mrs. Jones, how is your health this morning? Thank you, madam, much improved. I bought a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup last night, and after the first dose, my cough was checked, I slept well, and have not coughed once since morning.

Accidents will occur not only "in the best regulated families," but everywhere and at all times. Therefore keep Sarsaparilla Oil convenient.

Elected to Stay at Home.

Frank Hurd has been nominated for Congress in the Toledo District. He will be elected this time.—Gazette.

Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher." oct

Right You Are.

Hoadly & Co., tanners and curriers, and Tomey, Brumagren & Co., forgers and ballot-box stuffers, are the two most prominent Democratic firms in Ohio to-day.—Cleveland Leader.